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AN EXCELLENT
GARLAND,

Containing four choice SONGS:

1. The King and Prince of Drunkards.
 2. Pretty Betsey ; or the betrayed Maiden.
 3. The Maid of Primrose Hill.
 4. The Loss of the Centaur.
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MANCHESTER:

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The King and Prince of Drunkards.



1 I AM the King and Prince of Drunkards,
Ranting, roaring, fuddling, boys;
All my delight is in drinking full tankards,
Filling the alehouses with my noise;
Ten gallons at a draught I pour it down my throat
Damn such filly sots as those,
I'll lay me all along with my mouth unto a bung,
And will drink a whole hogshhead at my ease.
2 I heard talk of men that would drink full tankards,
Thinking themselves the Prince of Sots;
Damn such filly idle notions
Crack their bumpers, break their pots;
My friend and I did join at a cellar full of wine,
And turned the vintners out of doors,
Next morning at the tap, we drank ort ev'ry drop
And we eagerly ranged about for more.
3 My friend to me he made strange motions,
Why should we part with these dry lips;
Then we sailed unto the main ocean,

There did we meet with a fleet of ships ;
 Their loading was of wine and it was superfine,
 Their cargo was ten thousand tons,
 We drank it all at sea before we reach the quay,
 And the vintners swore they was all undone.

4 O then we sailed unto the Canaries,
 There did we meet with a far better touch ;
 O there did we meet with the French and Spaniards
 Portuguese, likewise the Dutch ;
 It was on the river Rhine we drank up all their wine
 Till at last we drank the ocean dry,
 Bacchus swore he never found on his universal round
 Two such thirsty brave souls as my friend and I.



P R E T T Y B E T S E Y ;

Or, the Betrayed Maiden.

1 A Brazier's daughter who lived near,
 A pretty story you shall hear,
 And she would up to London go,
 To seek a service as you shall know.

2 Her master had one only son,
 Sweet Betsey's heart was fairly won,
 For Betsey being so very fair,
 She drew his heart in a fatal snare.

One Sunday night he took his time,
Unto sweet Betsey he told his mind,
Swearing by all the powers above,
Its you sweet Betsey, its you I love.

4 His mother happening for to hear,
Which threw his heart into a fatal snare,
But soon she contriv'd sweet Betsey away,
For a slave in the province of Virginia.

5 Betsey, Betsey, pack up your clothes,
And go with me for a day or two,
And go with me for a day or two,
Some of our relations there for to view.

6 Both rode till they came to a sea-port town,
Where ships were sailing in the downs,
Where ships were sailing in the downs,
Unto Virginia they were bound.

7 Both hir'd a boat and along side went,
Sweet Betsey rode in sad discontent,
But now sweet Betsey's upon the main,
Sweet Betsey's gone for an arrant slave.

8 A few days after she return'd again,
Your welcome mother, says the son,
But where is Betsey, tell me, pray,
That she so long behind doth stay.

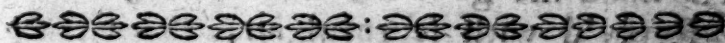
9 O son, O son, I plainly see,
How great your love is for sweet Betsey,

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Of all such thoughts you must refrain,
Since Betsey's sailing on the main.

10 We would rather see our son lie dead,
Than with a servant girl to wed,
His father spoke it most scornfully,
It will bring disgrace on our family.

11 Four days after their son fell bad,
No kind of music could make him glad,
He sigh'd and slumber'd, and oftentimes cry'd,
Its you sweet Betsey, for you I die.

12 A few days after their son was dead,
They wrung their hands, and shook their head,
Saying if our son would but rise again,
We would lend for Betsey o'er the main.



The Maid of Primrose Hill.

1 TWAS under primrose hill there liv'd,
A sweet and pretty maid,
Not Venus could give more delight,
When you her charms survey'd.

For the lilies fair and the roses there,
They did combine and both entwine,
To form a beauty rare.

2 This fair one many suitors had,
But treated them with scorn,
Till William who could play and dance,
Came tripping o'er the lawn ;
He sung so sweet, was drest so neat,
That maidens fair they did declare,
Their love for William great.

3 Sweet maid of primrose hill he cry'd,
I come a whooping here,
Then do not thou my love reject,
Nor treat me too severe,
For this heart so true, is fixt to you,
I'll constant be to only thee,
Thou flower of rosy hue.

4 The maid she gave her head a toss,
Reply'd with scornful air,
I wonder that you can to me,
Your fruitless love declare.

For suitors great in land estate,
Have offered me their bride to be,
So you do come too late.

5 Then William hung his head with grief,
And laid proud girl adieu,

I'll quit your charms for war's alarms,
 And glory I'll pursue;
 For love must yield to Mar's the field,
 The five and drum invite to come,
 I'll poise the spear and shield.

6 Then with a smile she call'd him back,
 And said dear William stay,
 I did but but jest to see your love,
 So go not now away.



The Loss of the Centaur.

1 YE landsmen all I pray attend who live at home at
 ease, (the seas,
 To these lines that I have penn'd, the dangers of the
 Likewise the loss of the Centaur a gallant man of war
 Britons weep, in the deep, lies many a gallant tar.
 2 This ship set sail from England was to th' Indies bound
 But at her returning was wind and weather bound,
 Such dreadful storms arising, her rigging tore away,
 And alas, all her masts, went overboard straitway.
 3 In this dreadful situation, she was drove up and
 down, (found,
 For full three weeks she floated no assistance could be

Her guns were all thrown over to lighten her the more
 Night and day they did pray to have a sight of shore.
 But to add unto their sorrow another storm arose,
 And to the dreadful seas poor souls they were expos'd
 At last they found her sinking the air was rent with
 cries,

Dismal sound! she went down, never more to rise.

But as she was sinking two boats they hoisted out,
 And some who got on board them were sadly tost
 about,

And ore being overloaded she sunk and so went down
 Waves beat high, no ship nigh, so that all on board
 was drown'd.

The captain and 12 sailors were all who did survive,
 And out of several hundreds these few were left alive
 Tho' they were almost perish'd with hunger & fatigue
 No delay for night & day they did row many leagues.

Only three days provisions, which they made last for
 nine,

And in this low condition of land could see no sign,
 Full sixteen days drove up and down, before they
 reach'd the land, (stand.

Such a sight, was a fright, so weak they could not
 Ye landsmen take compassion, on those that plough
 the main,

For the honour of the nation its rights for to maintain
 How they're expos'd to danger, these lines do plainly
 shew, (know.

We deplore that no more may such hardships ever

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 F I N I S.